

Chan sterte in mad kyt
That had lytell voyt
She semed somdele seke
And brought a peny cheke
To dame Elynour
For a draught of her lycoure
Chan margery mylke duche
Her vytill she dyd byttriche
An ynche aboue her kne
Her legges that he myght se
But they were sturby and stubbed
Myghty pestelles and clubbed
As fayle and as whyte
As the fote of a byte
She was som what foule
Croke nebbed lyke an oule
And yet she brought her fees
A kantell of Essex chees
Was well a fote thycke
Full of magottes quycke

Some gossynges and some
Some trypes that synkes
But of all this thronge
One came them amouge
She sented halfe a lecher
And began to preche
Of the tewe daye in the weke
Whan the mare dothe keke
Of the vertue of vnlet leke
And of her husbandes breke
With the feders of a quayle
She coude to burdewg sayle
And with good ale barme
She coude make a charme
To helpe withall a styche
She sented to be a wytyche
Another brought two gossynges
That were noughty froosynges
She brought them in a wallet
She was a comely callet
The gossynges were bityde

She lemed somdele seke
And brought a peny theke
To dame Elynour
For a draught of her lycoure
¶ Than marge y mylke dycke
Her kytill she dyd by tucke
An ynche aboue her kne
Her legges that he myght se
But they were sturpy and stubbed
Myghty pestelles and clubbed
As fayre and as whyte
As the fote of a kyte
She was somwhat foule
Croke nebbed lyke an oule
And yet she brought her fees
A kartell of Estekes chees
Was well a fote thycke
Full of magottes quycke
It was huge and grete
And myghty stronge mete

But of all this thronge
One came them amonge
She semed halfe a leche
And began to pzeche
Of she to woful daye in the weke
Whan the mare dothe keke
Of the vertue of vnlet leke
And of her husbandes ozeke
With the feders of a quayle
She coude to hurdwes sayle
And with good ale barme
She coude make a charme
To helpe withall a styche
She semed to be a wytche
Another brought two gosslynz
That were noughly frosslynz
She brought them in a wallet
She was a comely callet
The gosslynz were bryde
Elynour gan to chide

And he was full of tales
Of tpynges in wales
And saynt James in gales
And of the portyngales
With lo gossyp Wyss
Thus and thus it is
There hath ben grete warre
Byt wene temple barre
And the crosse in chene
And thydet car
Of myll

She spak . . . in her snoute
Sneuelynge in her nose
As though she had the pose
So here is an olde tpyper
And ye wyll gyue me a tpyper
Of your stale ale

God sende you good tale

She fell in a monke

D We in cometh another rabell
fyrste one with a ladell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde sadell
And there began a fabell
A claterynge and a batell
Of a soles fellp
That had a sole with Wyllp
With Fast you and grip Jylly
She coude not ly styllp
Than came in a Jenet
And sware by saynt benet
I dranke not this leuchmyght
I draught to my pay
Elynour I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assaye
And haue here a pylche of graye
I were skynnes of konny
That causeth Alike so donny

And saynt James in gales
And of the portyngales
With lo gossyp I wys
Thus and thus it is
There hath ben grette warre
Byt wene temple barre
And the crosse in chepe
And thyder came an hepe
Of mylstones in a route
She spake this in her snoute
Sneuelynge in her nose
As thoughe she had the pose
Loo here is an olde tyyppet
And ye wyll gyue me a tyyppet
Of your skale ale
God sende you good sale
And as she was drynkynge
She fell in a wynkynge
With a barly hode

D We in cometh another labell
Fyfte one with a labell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde sadell
And there began a fabell
A claterynge and a batell
Of a foles felly
That had a sole with wyllly
With Iast you and gup Jilly
She coude not ly stilly
Than came in a Jener
And sware by saynt benet
I dranke not this feuenmyght
I draught to my pay
Clynour I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assaye
And haue here a pyche of grape
I were skynnes of konny
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hye her

Syt we downe arowe
And drynke tyll we blowe
And pypetyrly tyllowe
Some laye to pledge
They hatchet and they wedge
They hekyll and they rele
They rocke they spynnyng whele
And some wente so narowe
They layde to pledge they wharowe
They rybskyn and they spyndell
They nedell and they thymbell
Here was scant thyrste
Whan they made suche skyste
They thyrst was so grete
They asked neuer for mete
But drynke styll drynke
And let the cat drynke
Let us washe our gummies
Frome the drye crummes

Her colour was red like
She ran in all the haste
Unbraided and unlaste
Cawny swarte and calome
Lyke a cake of calome
It were by all halowe
It was a fete to take
The drupell in a brake
¶ And than came halpynge Tone
And brought a gambone
Of bason that was tony
But lorde that she was tony
Angry as a walpe
She gan to pane and gaspe
And bade Elynoure go bet
And fyll in good met
It was dere that was fette fet
¶ Another brought a spycke
Of a bason spycke
Her tonge was baray quicke
But she fere for what thicke

Be that as be maye
Some lothe to be aspyed
Some sterte in at the backe syde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale
Some tyll they swete
Brynge with them malt or whete
And dame Elynour entrete
To byle them of the best
Than cometh another gest
She swereth by the rode of rest
Her lyppes are so drye
Without drynke she must dye
Therfore fyll it by and by
And haue here a pecke of ry
Anone cometh another
As drye as the other
And with her dothe brynge
Bele/sake/or other thyng

Than wyl be route and smyte
Thus swete togeder wely
As two pygges in a sty
To ceale me temeth best
And of this tale to rest
And for so lene this letter
Bycause it is no better
And bycause it is no swetter
We wyl no furder tyme
Of it at this tyme
But we wyl tourne playne
Where we leste agayne

Tercius passus

In steepe of coyne and mony
Some brought her a sonny
And some a pot with beany
Some a salte and some a spone
Wherewith they